

Banish The Old Ash Pan!

Crawford Ranges

do it. An ash pan is hard to remove and it usually spills the ashes in carrying

The deep Ash Hod of our latest ranges catches all of the ashes, is easy to remove and carry and does not spill the ashes. Coal Hod beside it. Both hods free with each range.

Then there is a wonderful "Single Damper" [patented]; gives perfect control of fire and oven. Better than two dampers. Have you seen it?

Gas ovens if desired, end [single] or elevated [double].

For Sale By
C. W. AVERILL & CO.
Barre Agents

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Makers, Boston

SOUTH WALDEN

Mrs. Roger Houston entertained her sister, Mrs. Duncan McDonald, and family, of Hardwick a few days recently.

Miss Aileen Perkins visited in Greensboro at the home of their uncle, Sumner Perkins, over Sunday and Monday.

Miss Olive Cronwell was a guest of Mrs. Chauncey Downer, Tuesday.

Mrs. Herbert Newton, Mrs. Chauncey Downer and Mrs. Roger Houston visited the Helping Hand circle of King's Daughters at west hill in Hardwick last Saturday.

An underpass is being constructed at the railroad crossing near Walden heights.

Miss Gladys Dow and Miss Beatrice Simonds are attending school at Hardwick.

Some Men are Born

Lucky, that is, born with wisdom to provide life insurance early and against future necessities which may confront their widows. National Life Insurance Co. of Vermont. (Mutual.) S. S. Ballard, general agent, Lawrence building, Montpelier, Vt.

Saturday Specials at Romanos'

- Compound Lard, lb. 9c
- Large cans Tomatoes, 3 cans for 24c
- Full Cream Cheese, lb. 20c
- Fancy Eating Apples, per peck 25c
- 3 cans of Fancy Sweet Corn for 24c
- Campbell's Soups, 3 cans. 24c
- Also Smoked Shoulders, Ham, Fresh Pork and Corned Beef at reasonable prices.

59 Prospect Street
Just Across the Bridge

THE ONLY WASHINGTON FAIR

Sept. 28-29-30
Don't Forget the Date

Carroll's Orchestra engaged for fair and night of 29th.



BURLINGTON POULTRY FOODS

Feed Burlington Poultry Foods

5 Varieties - Sold By All Dealers.

RANDOLPH

Carl McAllister of Boston made a short call upon his sister, Mrs. Alice Bruce, on Thursday, stopping off on his way to St. Albans.

Mrs. Robert Wood of St. Albans, who has been here since Saturday, left for her home on Thursday night and was accompanied by her sister, Miss Clara Mayo, who went to pass a few days with her.

Miss Mary and Bertha Morse and Miss Grace Pitkin returned from a trip to Rutland and Manchester on Thursday night.

John Bernard Root, who has been doing ministerial work in Manchester, N. H., this summer, has been with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Root, for a few days and left here Wednesday to resume his studies in the Boston university.

Mrs. A. J. Driver, who for a month has been with Mrs. Henry Pitts, left here this week for Boston, to remain there for a time before going to her home in Omaha, Neb.

There are about fifty huskers at the canning factory this week, and business is bustling there. There is said to be an unusually large yield of corn here this year, and it is in good condition owing to the lateness of the frost.

There are 165 pupils in the high school, and the senior class number 35, the largest number that has been enrolled.

Mrs. Flora Dunham and her daughter, Marion, of Saratoga are guests of their cousin, Mrs. G. E. Cushman.

Dwight L. Adams will enter Dartmouth college at the opening of the fall session, and Fred Goodwin, who has returned from Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, where he has been clerk in a hotel, will return to resume his studies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Head of North Falmouth, Mass., arrived here Thursday to pass several days with Mrs. Head's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Conner, to attend their golden wedding anniversary, which falls on Monday. Luke Conner, a son from the University of Vermont, has also come to be present.

Mrs. Alfred Eaton returned Wednesday night from a several days' stay, passed in Boston with her son, Harry Eaton, and wife.

Miss Edith Spear of Lebanon, N. H., has come for a visit with her uncle, B. P. Spear, and her cousin, Mrs. Ida Drake.

Mrs. M. A. Tewksbury has returned from a summer passed at York Beach, and at Goffstown, N. H.

Rev. Father M. S. O'Donnell is absent on a trip to Ogdensburg, Madrid and Canton, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Sprague and son, Francis, went Monday morning in their auto to their home in Ausable Forks, N. Y., after passing several days with Mr. Sprague's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Ostryer, who recently came from Hinsdale, N. H. A son, George Ostryer, will go Saturday to Middlebury college, and another son, Frank, has come from Milton, Mass., to pass his vacation here.

Miss Hazel Danyow has closed a three weeks' vacation here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Danyow, and returned to Hartford, Conn., to continue her training for a nurse in the hospital there.

Miss Margaret Cheney will enter the University of Vermont on its opening this fall.

Mrs. C. A. Smith of The Maples was summoned this week to Boston by the illness of her mother.

H. S. Booth was summoned to Natik, Mass., this week by the death of his sister, Mrs. C. W. Bowers.

Mrs. Edwin Thayer and her daughter, Miss Alice Thayer, of Miami, Ohio, are being entertained this week at Marquette by Col. and Mrs. A. B. Chandler.

News has been received here of the serious surgical operation performed on Miss Ella Bailey at South Pasadena, Cal., in a hospital in which she is one of the superintendents. Miss Bailey is a niece of Dr. A. C. Bailey, and of A. M. Hubbard of this place. It was thought that she was doing as well as could be expected under the conditions.

Mrs. James Mully of Montpelier, who was here to the burial of her uncle, Bradford Brown, returned home on Thursday.

WORCESTER

Funeral of Mrs. George Richardson Held from Her Late Home.

The funeral of Mrs. George Richardson was held from her late home Saturday. Miss Remond officiated. There was an abundance of flowers, and the funeral was largely attended by relatives and friends, many from out of town being present. Mrs. Richardson was a real friend, to the sick and needy in her younger days. She leaves a husband and two sons, Paul and Nathan, both of this place, also a host of friends.

GRANITEVILLE

"The Black Box Mystery" serial begins Saturday in Gilbert's hall. Adv. Special tonight, "The War of the Worlds," a thrilling feature of the jungle, in two parts, with Marjorie Vachamp. Four other reels of good moving pictures. The new serial begins to-morrow night.

Public meeting will be held in the gymnasium at upper Graniteville Monday evening, Sept. 20, at 7 o'clock. Subject under discussion will be organizing a corporation. All who are interested in starting a corporation please attend.

WEBSTERVILLE

The big serial, "The Black Box Mystery," will begin Friday, Sept. 17, in Palace theatre. Don't fail to see it from the start. It's something unusual.

There will be an entertainment and social at the Baptist church Friday evening, Sept. 17. An excellent program has been prepared. Cake and coffee will be served. Ice cream and homemade candy for sale. The ladies of the church are asked to bring cake.

WASHINGTON

The grange will hold their annual picnic on the fair grounds Saturday. Everyone is cordially invited to be present. Come early and bring your lunch Saturday of this week.

Several from this place have been attending the state fair.

Mrs. L. L. Shuman left yesterday for Waterbury, called there by the sudden and serious illness of her mother.



RAYS FROM THE SUN.

They Become Light to Us Only Upon Striking Our Atmosphere.

The rays of light that reach us from the sun are not light in themselves. For instance, to show what is meant, suppose you were placed out in empty space, facing so that you would look sideways at the light rays passing from the sun to the earth. You would not see them at all. You could only see them if you looked directly at the sun, so that the rays would enter your eyes and, striking upon the retina, produce there the impression of light.

The rays passing by and not entering your eyes would be invisible because in open space there is no medium like the atmosphere to scatter the rays in all directions and thus produce an illumination all around.

The sky at night is full of passing sunbeams and star beams, a vast and inextinguishable web of radiations, but they lie beyond the limits of the atmosphere, and only those are transformed into light which by reflection from a planet in the case of sunbeams or by coming straight into the eye from a star directly affect the nerves of vision.

—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

A Remarkable Experience and Rescue in the Italian Alps.

Human beings occasionally live through incredibly long imprisonments after their dwellings have been overwhelmed by avalanches. On March 19, 1755, avalanches buried the village of Bergamotto, in the Italian Alps, and on April 25 three women were dug out alive from a stable in which they had been immured for thirty-seven days in the dark beneath the mass of snow which lay forty-two feet higher than the roof. With them had been buried a little boy, six goats, a donkey and some hens.

The child, the donkey and the fowls soon died, but the goats helped the women to survive, their milk supplementing the thirty or forty cakes and the pocketful of chestnuts upon which they depended for food. Hope of finding the women alive had been abandoned when in April the brother of one had a dream in which she appealed to him for rescue.

The weather then at last made excavation possible, and the women were restored to the world and presently to health.—Chicago News.

Culture.

Culture is a slow process. It comes from long and close contacts. It is the fruit of reflection, of travail of soul and of mind. Grappling with some thing until the very essence of it has been extracted is a first step. Thus the tastes of essences is learned, and once learned lesser distillations do not satisfy.

Then follows a growing power to discriminate, to distinguish nice values, to judge of quality, to answer to beauty, to feel the need, that what you have, though it may be little, may still be the real thing. This is culture. It is not baggage, like diplomas and degrees. It is not things seen and heard, miles traveled or books read. These are the materials for culture. They contribute to it only when they are absorbed by the mind and as really lost in it as water and lime, phosphates and ammonia must be lost in the soil if they are to enrich it and enable it to increase its yield.—Ida M. Tarbell in Woman's Home Companion.

A Personal Application.

A well known business man in Lawrence, Mass., once had a customer who contracted a debt that ran unpaid for a year or more, and even several letters failed to bring about a settlement.

One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, the business man saw something that gave him a new idea. He went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

"My Dear Sir—I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y. M. C. A. on 'The Sinner's Burdened Account.' I in close yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I may have the pleasure of attending your lecture.

A check came by the next mail.—Youth's Companion.

Wellington's Coolness.

The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement in staided a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollonius. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"I am Apollonius and must put you to death."

"Brought to do it today?"

"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient, very long; great many letters to write. Call again on some week. I'll be ready for you."

The duke then went on with his correspondence. The messenger, appearing probably by the stairs, immediately called out, looking out of the room and in half an hour was in an apoplexy.

Taking to The Boats

By M. QUAD
Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

One hour after noon on the twelfth day of February, 1862, the brig Gull, bound from Liverpool to the Cape of Good Hope, and having forty-eight souls aboard, burned to the water's edge and sank, leaving us 350 miles off the African coast.

There was some confusion, of course, when we took to the boats, but we got away from the brig in good shape, with no one lost or hurt and with water and provisions enough to do us for a week. We were in charge of the boatswain, and, but for a terrible accident, I know we should have pulled through without mishap or suffering. He was an oldish man, a good sailor, and he had authority over all in the boat. Besides the crew, there were three young men and a woman and a girl. The woman was the girl's aunt.

It had come 9 o'clock or later, and some of the men were asleep, when the boatswain went forward and stood on the thwart with his arm around the mast to steady himself. I think he was looking about to see if he could find anything of the other boats. Just how it happened no one could tell, though three of us had our eyes on him when he suddenly pitched overboard. We were still pitching briskly about and perhaps it was a sharp drive of the boat which sent him to his death. If he rose to the surface he did not call out. He simply went right out of sight and never even called out.

Little or nothing was said that night as to who should command the boat, but morning had hardly dawned when there was a row about it. Being a lad not yet out of my apprenticeship, I was of course out of the question, but each of the other three sailors was determined to act as captain. From words they came to blows, and another horror fell upon us. The three young men were driven into the quarrel, and the six had a savage fight with such weapons as could be laid hold of. It was a dead calm, with the sea quieted down, and a couple of sharks were lying off our port quarter. No one had seen them, nor did any one see them until two of the young men were knocked overboard.

It wasn't five seconds before both were seized and drawn under. This horrid climax to the row cooled the men off at once.

One of the sailors had been stabbed in the back, another badly hurt about the head, and the third young Englishman had his right arm broken.

The sailor who had been stabbed took command of the boat, and when things were settled down breakfast was served out. We had not to exceed two gillons of water and a dozen biscuits, and the day was hot and not a breath of air stirring.

The aunt, as I now heard called Mrs. Morton, took very sick, and we were terrified at our helplessness. She was soon in a high fever and raving.

About 9 o'clock the aunt sank into a stupor from which she never awakened, and all of us slept for some time. We were finally awakened by a wounded sailor getting up and calling for water. In his torment he caught sight of the man in the bow, and he rushed forward and seized him. I ran to pull him off, but before I could reach him both had gone overboard. The two other sailors sat up, asked me what happened and then fell back and slumped as soundly as before.

It was sunrise when the sailors awoke. With a leader these men would have suffered and endured for a week and made no complaint. They no sooner saw that the calm still continued than they began cursing and threatening, and they looked at the girl so that she covered in terror. Presently they went forward and sat close together and talked in whispers, and the girl crept over to me and said:

"I know what they are planning; they intend to kill me!"

I gave her one of the knives and told her I would protect her to the last. The men talked for an hour or so and then lay down and went to sleep again.

I was half mad with hunger and thirst by that time, and I knew the poor girl was, if anything, worse off. We talked in low tones of the good things we had eaten and the springs we had drunk from, and we kept our heads constantly wet with the salt water to alleviate our thirst as far as it could. At 4 o'clock or soon after the men awoke and called to me. They wanted to kill the girl. I reasoned with them and told two or three deliberate falsehoods and finally prevailed upon them to wait another day. I felt they would do so and slept soundly that night. The sun came up next morning the same ball of fire, and any sailor could have told that the calm would last another day. What happened along toward noon I can never distinctly remember, for I had little reason left. There must have been a fight, but I remember none of the details. It is like trying to recall a dream of years ago. What I can remember back to was waking up in the cabin of the German steamer Bergen, very ill and very weak. She had picked up our boat the day before. In it were two living skeletons—the girl and I. We were alone, and there were two blood stained knives in the bottom of the boat to denote the mystery. The

girl pulled through as well as myself, but there was no after romance. She thanked me over and over again with tears in her eyes, but there was no love. She was a lady bred and born, and I was only a poor sailor lad.

Fortifications of New York Harbor.

The narrow approaches to the harbor of New York have made the fortification of it a simpler matter than usual. On Sandy Hook is Fort Hancock, with an artillery garrison; on the Narrows, Fort Wadsworth, artillery garrison; on the Staten Island side, Fort Tompkins; across the Narrows, Fort Hamilton. The older Fort Lafayette, between Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, is now used as a storehouse. On Governors Island are Fort Jay, infantry, important barracks and the New York arsenal of the ordnance department. Castle Williams is now a military prison. Fort Totten, artillery post, is on Willet's Point, and directly across from this battery is Fort Schuyler. On Sandy Hook is the proving ground of the ordnance department. A signal corps is stationed at Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island.—New York Times.

Information Wanted.

Will some one please give a hint as to the whereabouts and the welfare of the family? This honored institution began to disappear a generation or so ago, just about the time that the dissipation of inconveniences attendant upon the rearing of children made families feasible. Ever since the passing away of one room log cabins, abject poverty, home grown wearing apparel and common sense the family has been losing weight and numbers. Its recent complete withdrawal from society has caused grave concern among those who favor the further propagation of the species. If the family will kindly come back and reestablish itself among the race of men no questions will be asked and none answered.—Judge.

No Such Person.

"The trouble with you," her husband said, "is that you make mountains out of molehills."

"I don't do anything of the kind," she replied. "I want you to understand that my mother brought me up to be a lady, and I know nothing at all about housework. I never made a mountain out of a mole hill in my life. I am perfectly helpless in a kitchen."—New York American.

Not Anxious to Meet Him.

"Jinks has had a burglar alarm put in his house with a gong in every room."

"He wants to be sure to know about the burglars?"

"No. He wants the burglar to be sure to be alarmed."

Shakespeare's Heroines.

In Shakespeare's time the parts of heroines were taken by boys, there being no female actors. That is why the poet makes so many of his heroines disguise themselves in male attire.

ANTI-KAMNIA TABLETS FOR ALL PAIN

"The efficiency of any drug" says Dr. C. P. Robbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. If we are able to control pain and disease by means of any preparation, we are entitled to be regarded as its use. One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, and this is what the patient most often desires to relieve. I am something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, the patient is most liable to trust in us for the other remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Anti-Kamnia Tablets. Many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found them especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad after-effects of the quinine, give prompt relief, and in a short time the patient is able to go about as usual. These tablets may be obtained from your druggist. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for headaches, neuralgia and all pains."

Barre & Montpelier Traction & Power Co.

Change of Schedule, Effective Sept. 8

Cars for Montpelier leave Ayers St. 6:00 a. m. and 6:35 a. m.

Week-day cars for Montpelier leave City Sq. 7:15 a. m. and half-hourly until 10:15 p. m. Sunday cars for Montpelier leave City Sq. at 7:45 a. m.

Week-day cars on Washington St. leave Nelson St. 6:05 a. m. and 6:40 a. m.; 7:10 a. m. and every 20 minutes until 10:10 p. m.; connecting at City Sq. with main line car at 10 minutes after the hour. Sunday cars leave Nelson St. at 7:45 a. m.

On 6:05 a. m. and 6:40 a. m. and 11:50 a. m. and 3:50 p. m. trips, this car will run to Jones Bros. and return to Nelson St.

Cars on South Main St. leave Ayers St. 7:20 a. m. and every 20 minutes until 10:20 p. m.; connecting with main line car at City Sq. at 40 minutes after the hour.

An extra car will leave Jones Bros. (except Sundays and holidays) at 12 m. and 4 p. m., running to Ayers St.

Main line cars from Montpelier leave Bailey Ave. 15 minutes before and 15 minutes past the hour.

Seminary hill car in Montpelier leaves Bailey Ave. on the hour and half hour.

Main line cars will run between City Sq. and end of main line at Bailey Ave. in Montpelier, without transfer. R. D. LARRABEE, Mgr.

House Painting

First-class workmanship and high-grade materials are guaranteed.

A. V. BECKLEY

OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE PHONE 225-W 44 MAIN ST.